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# The Wolf



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## Chapter 1 by Oakley Buttars

There was once a white wolf. This wolf's name was Pearl, but other wolves called her the White Wolf. There was no other wolf around that had completely white fur. Pearl was no ordinary wolf. I will let her tell you her story now. . .

## Chapter 2 by m a r i e



I woke gasping for air, the dream seemed so real.... the wolf, black as night..... speaking to me.... who was she and why did she seem so familiar? Ever since mom dissapeared I have to do all of the "womanly things" about the house; dishes, laundry, food... The only things left of her were a photo of my mother and I before we moved to this wasteland, a necklace with a... crest that is made out of melted pearls, and some sort of flowy pearl-white dress with lace at the end of the sleeves... Oddly enough, she left me one thing that I have with me at all times, a simple silver ring, made of silver twisted bands and a pearl set atop of it. She told me what it means once, my mom I mean... the silver bands represent the way nature intertwines with my life and the pearl... I don't remember what it means....

## Chapter 3 by Oakley Buttars



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backyard is a forest, the same forest in my dreams. A willow tree stands in front of the forest. That is where my mother was when she became sick. That day was sad. I had cried hoping she would be fine then she died the next day..."Pearl! Me and my friends want lunch. When will it be ready?" This is what I have to deal with on a daily basis. Jacob wanting to know when dinner, breakfast, or lunch is ready. "Next month," I replied, knowing he would get mad. "What! I want lunch NOW." Jacob's screams were so loud you could hear it across town.

#### Chapter 4 by Oakley Buttars



If only I could understand my dreams that I have been having. That night I was looking up at the beautiful sky. I could not sleep at all afraid of having a one of those dreams. It was a full moon then. The night stars brighter than before. I thought that the stars didn't shine that bright before. Tonight was different than any other night before. Then I collapsed.

I dreamed of that wolf. The one with the fur as black as night. She spoke to me. Can wolves speak? I don't think so. She said to me in a strange voice "Come to me. Come to me and you shall be stronger." That voice was...different yet it was so familiar as if I had heard it before, but I know I hadn't. She kept staring at me as darkness gathered around us. Then she spoke again "I need it. I need it to survive."

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I woke up suddenly, hot and sweaty. My blanket had been kicked off me, and my hair was all ruffled up. I gasped, and stretched my sore limbs. I groaned. My hand came down to rest on my leg, and I looked at it, my eyes trailing from my forearm to my wrist, and then to my fingers. I looked at my ring. I admired it. Then, before I knew it, tears were falling down my face slowly. Each time one landed on my leg, I shivered from its touch.

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I clutched my head with my hand, my fingers between sobs. The ring, my mother's ring, it had turned cold.

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